

THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE PAGE.

The Restless Sex

A Romantic Film Drama With
MARION DAVIES

By Robert W. Chambers.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

For a few moments she stood there in a brown study—a glittering, exquisite figure in the subdued light which fell in tiny points of fire on gem and ring, bracelet and girdle, and tipped the gilded sandals on her little naked feet with sparks of living flame.

INTENSELY INTERESTED. Then she turned her charming young head and looked across at him where he stood on the threshold.

"What do you think?" she said. "Ought to go?"

"No, don't go," she said with a little laugh. "After all, if we're not to remain brother and sister any longer, there's a most fascinating novelty in your being here."

He came in and closed the door. She made room for him on the sofa and he flung his coat across her and clasped her hands around it. "Now," she said, dropping one sliken knee over the other and clasping her hands around it, "how much can we care for each other without being silly? You know I have a dreadful intuition that I'd better not kiss you any more. Not that I don't adore you as much as I always did—"

She turned squarely around and looked at him out of her lovely eyes.

"You took me by surprise. I didn't understand. Then, suddenly, I lost my senses and became panicky. I was scared stiff. Jim—you kissed me so many times—"

He reddened and looked down. Under his eyes her bare foot hung in its golden sandal—an exquisite, snowy little foot, quite perfectly fashioned to match her hands' soft symmetry.

"If you loved me," he said, "you would not care how many times I kissed you."

"But you kept on—and you kissed my eyes and throat—"

"You wouldn't care what I did if you loved me."

"But they were unusual places to be kissed. I was scared. Did you think me ridiculous? It was rather startling, you know. It was such a complete novelty."

She admitted so naively that he laughed in spite of his chagrin. "Steve," he said, "I don't know what to do about it. I'm falling more deeply in love with you every moment, and you are merely kind and sweet and friendly about it."

"I'm intensely interested," she said.

"Interested," he repeated; "yes, that describes it. But being interested when a man she had always adored as a brother suddenly takes her into his arms and kisses her in unusual places, and does it a great number of times—"

"Probably you kept count," he said with boyish sarcasm.

She laughed and said, "I wish I had. It was a perfectly shameless performance. If you ever do it again, I shall keep count—out loud!"

"Is that all you'll do?"

"What else is there to do?" she inquired, smiling a trifle uneasily.

"You might find it in your heart to respond."

"How can my heart hold any more of you than it does and always has?" she asked with pretty impatience.

"Can't you love me?"

"I don't know how to any more than I do."

"But you did not find it agreeable when I kissed you?"

"I—don't know what I felt—"

"We always kissed," she began to laugh. "I enjoyed THAT, but I don't think you did, always. You sometimes looked rather bored, Jim."

"I'm getting well paid back," he said.

REMEMBERS FORMER DAYS. This seemed to afford her infinite delight; there was malice in her gray eyes now, and a hint of pretty mockery in her laughter.

"To think," she said, "that James Cleland should ever become sentimental with poor little Stephanie Quest—What an unbending! What condescension!"

Oh, Jim, if I've really got you at last, I'm going to raise the very devil with you!"

"You're doing it."

"Am I? I wish I mean to torment you. Why, when I think of the long, long years of childish adoration and awe—of the days when I tagged after you, grateful to be noticed, thankful when you found time for me—"

She clasped her hands together delightedly, enchanted with his glum and red-den face. For what, she said, she did not realize how true it had been—and meant merely to exag-gerate.

"Also," she said, "you leave me quite alone for three whole years when you could have come back at the end of two!"

"His face darkened and he bit his lip."

"You're quite right," he said in a quiet voice. "A girl couldn't very well fall in love with that sort of man."

There was a silence. She had been enjoying her revenge, but she had not expected him to take it so seriously.

NO INTENTION TO HURT HIM. He sat there with lowered head, considering, gnawing at his under lip in silence. She had not intended to hurt him. She was inexperienced enough with him to be worried. His features seemed older, leaner, full of unfamiliar shadows—disturbingly aloof and stern.

She hesitated—the swift, confused memory of an hour before checking her for an instant, then she leaned toward him, quite certain of what would happen—silent and cu-

rious as he drew her into his arms.

She was very silent, listening to his impetuous, broken avow-als—suffering his close embrace, his lips on her eyes and mouth and throat once more. The enormous novelty of it preoccupied her; the intense interest in his state of mind. Her curiosity held her spellbound, too, and unresponsive but fasci-nated.

She lay very quietly in his arms, her lovely head resting on his shoulder, sometimes with eyes closed, sometimes watching him, meeting his eyes with a faint smile.

Contact with him no longer frightened her. Her mind was clear, busy with this enormous novelty, searching for the reason of it, striving to understand his passion which she shyly recognized with an odd feeling of pride and tenderness, but to which there was nothing in her that responded—nothing more than tender loyalty and the old love she had always given him.

The gray tranquility of her eyes, virginal and clear—the pulseless quiet of the girl chilled him.

"You don't love me, Steve, do you?"

"Not—as you wish me to."

"Can't you?"

"I don't know."

"Is there any chance?"

She looked out across the studio, considering, and her gray eyes grew vague and remote.

"I don't know, Jim."

I think that something has been left out of me. Whatever it is, I don't know how to love—fall in love—as you wish me to. I don't know how to go about it. Per-haps it's because I've never thought about it. It's never oc-cupied my mind."

"Then," he burst out, "how in God's name did you ever come to marry?"

HER MARRIAGE A PUZZLE. She looked up at him gravely. "That is very different," she said. "The man I am in love with him."

"I told you that he fascinates me."

"Is it love?" he asked violently.

"I don't know."

"You must know! You've got a mind!"

"It doesn't explain what I feel for him. I can't put it into words."

He drew her roughly to him, his hair with one hand and rest-ing against his shoulder.

"Can't you love me, Steve? Can't you?" he stammered.

"I want to. I wish I did—the way you want me to."

"Will you try?"

"I don't know how to try."

"Do your lips on mine mean nothing to you?"

"You are so dear."

"I am wonderfully contented—and not afraid."

After a moment she released her-self, laughed, and sat up, adjusting her hair with one hand and rest-ing against his shoulder.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

(Copyright, 1917, 1918, by the International Magazine Company.)

Co-eds Paid To Smoke

Twenty-four girl students of the University of Wisconsin will be paid 40 cents an hour next winter to smoke cigars, pipes, and ciga-rettes. For three hours and a half daily, the co-eds who accept this difficult mission will blow blue clouds of smoke in the laboratory of Professor M. V. O'Shea. The university will foot the tobacco bill.

This investigation is to ascertain what effect tobacco has on the minds of students. During the last eighteen months twenty-four men students at the University have been made subjects of this tobacco test.

In other schools, namely Johns Hopkins, University of Michigan, Le-mont, Stanford, Harvard and Cornell, similar experiments are being con-ducted and a joint report will be is-sued.

Professor O'Shea says the work is purely for scientific purposes and not in the interest of propaganda.

Sir Walter Scott Not the Author

All the reference books and a long tradition ascribe the authorship of the "Old Mortality" to Sir Walter Scott.

"One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name."

So far as was known they were first used by Scott in the heading of a chapter of "Old Mortality." He did not say they were his. But so many of the verses which he did prefix to chapters of his novels—often attributing them to "Anon,"—that it was not surprising that the theory that it was easier for him to invent than to quote of copy, that the familiar quotation men-tioned has all these years passed for his.

Now, however, a fellow-Scottsman, Mr. James Rankin, of Galashiels, has unearthed the original. Accord-ing to a letter in the Literary Sup-plement of the London Times, he discovered the quotation along with thirteen others wholly negligi-ble—in an Edinburgh weekly paper, the Bee, of 1791. They were written by an unknown Major Mor-ried, and were printed twenty-four years before Scott helped himself to one of them.

The affair is more curious than important, but illustrates the way in which books of accurate informa-tion like "Familiar Quotations" are in continual need of correction.

Why We Gape.

There are two unflattering signs of fatigue, mental and physical. When the mind is tired people gape, and when the body is tired they yawn.

There is an idea that yawning is "catching," but this, it is said, is only true if many people are tired together.

Pathetic Figures—



Why Pluck a Planning For More Leisure Above All, Be Child Green?

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever.

A boy was started in at the public school, two years too young. At the age of sixteen he finished the high school smart in book memory but without assimila-tive knowledge of the subject matter and without any reliable choice as to the next step.

The parents picked a college and sent the son through the course, which he completed with high percentage grades, but again with no reflective purpose of a life career based on the course of study pursued.

Not yet twenty-one, this young victim of over-advanced book training is now moping about home and hanging his head in shame of possessing no definite interest in a career.

At the age of sixteen he was driven nearly to despair because of the fault of being forced mechan-ically through a course of study before there was sufficient growth from within to respond intelligently through the interest and inspira-tion.

For a lesson is not learned if it is simply memorized. It must be felt. It is not mastered through mere routine, perusal and recita-tion. It must become assimilated through the interest and self-ex-pression of the learner.

In the instance cited above, though a college graduate, the youth is still a mere boy with only the green passing interest in the course completed, and he is there-fore deeply perplexed about a career.

My criticism is that this young man must simply wait for life to ripen and for a career motive to spring up from within. The time will most certainly come—one, two, three years hence—when suddenly a clear vision of a calling will most probably spring into his mind and thrust him through and through.

MAKE USE OF VACATIONS. No girl should finish a college course under twenty-one to twenty-three; no boy should finish under twenty-two to twenty-five. Not only should they go slower than the ordi-nary parents are willing to permit them, but they should make contin-uous use of the vacations and other breaks out of school to apply and im-silate through practice the les-sons learned along the way. Often one of the puniest specimens I meet in a whole day's journey is the col-lege graduate who knows nothing except the pale lessons he has memorized from books.

Behold! Paper Hats.

MOBERLY, Mo.—The Moberly hus-bands are happy. Their wives have taken up the paper hat craze, and they see visions of millinery bills being reduced to a mere pittance.

All sizes, shapes and colors are being designed, with, according to those who know women's hats, a great degree of success. The only difficulty that confronts the move-ment is the shortage of crepe paper, with which to replace the hats as they get rained on or wear out.

Some of the women say they can use newspapers and magazines if necessary. One woman said she expects to use wire screening if she can't get the paper she wants. Most of the new hats are plaited, but a few have been made of frills and puffs.

Planning For More Leisure Above All, Be Child Green?

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever.

A boy was started in at the public school, two years too young. At the age of sixteen he finished the high school smart in book memory but without assimila-tive knowledge of the subject matter and without any reliable choice as to the next step.

The parents picked a college and sent the son through the course, which he completed with high percentage grades, but again with no reflective purpose of a life career based on the course of study pursued.

Not yet twenty-one, this young victim of over-advanced book training is now moping about home and hanging his head in shame of possessing no definite interest in a career.

At the age of sixteen he was driven nearly to despair because of the fault of being forced mechan-ically through a course of study before there was sufficient growth from within to respond intelligently through the interest and inspira-tion.

For a lesson is not learned if it is simply memorized. It must be felt. It is not mastered through mere routine, perusal and recita-tion. It must become assimilated through the interest and self-ex-pression of the learner.

In the instance cited above, though a college graduate, the youth is still a mere boy with only the green passing interest in the course completed, and he is there-fore deeply perplexed about a career.

My criticism is that this young man must simply wait for life to ripen and for a career motive to spring up from within. The time will most certainly come—one, two, three years hence—when suddenly a clear vision of a calling will most probably spring into his mind and thrust him through and through.

MAKE USE OF VACATIONS. No girl should finish a college course under twenty-one to twenty-three; no boy should finish under twenty-two to twenty-five. Not only should they go slower than the ordi-nary parents are willing to permit them, but they should make contin-uous use of the vacations and other breaks out of school to apply and im-silate through practice the les-sons learned along the way. Often one of the puniest specimens I meet in a whole day's journey is the col-lege graduate who knows nothing except the pale lessons he has memorized from books.

Behold! Paper Hats.

MOBERLY, Mo.—The Moberly hus-bands are happy. Their wives have taken up the paper hat craze, and they see visions of millinery bills being reduced to a mere pittance.

All sizes, shapes and colors are being designed, with, according to those who know women's hats, a great degree of success. The only difficulty that confronts the move-ment is the shortage of crepe paper, with which to replace the hats as they get rained on or wear out.

Some of the women say they can use newspapers and magazines if necessary. One woman said she expects to use wire screening if she can't get the paper she wants. Most of the new hats are plaited, but a few have been made of frills and puffs.

Planning For More Leisure Above All, Be Child Green?

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever.

A boy was started in at the public school, two years too young. At the age of sixteen he finished the high school smart in book memory but without assimila-tive knowledge of the subject matter and without any reliable choice as to the next step.

The parents picked a college and sent the son through the course, which he completed with high percentage grades, but again with no reflective purpose of a life career based on the course of study pursued.

Not yet twenty-one, this young victim of over-advanced book training is now moping about home and hanging his head in shame of possessing no definite interest in a career.

At the age of sixteen he was driven nearly to despair because of the fault of being forced mechan-ically through a course of study before there was sufficient growth from within to respond intelligently through the interest and inspira-tion.

For a lesson is not learned if it is simply memorized. It must be felt. It is not mastered through mere routine, perusal and recita-tion. It must become assimilated through the interest and self-ex-pression of the learner.

In the instance cited above, though a college graduate, the youth is still a mere boy with only the green passing interest in the course completed, and he is there-fore deeply perplexed about a career.

My criticism is that this young man must simply wait for life to ripen and for a career motive to spring up from within. The time will most certainly come—one, two, three years hence—when suddenly a clear vision of a calling will most probably spring into his mind and thrust him through and through.

MAKE USE OF VACATIONS. No girl should finish a college course under twenty-one to twenty-three; no boy should finish under twenty-two to twenty-five. Not only should they go slower than the ordi-nary parents are willing to permit them, but they should make contin-uous use of the vacations and other breaks out of school to apply and im-silate through practice the les-sons learned along the way. Often one of the puniest specimens I meet in a whole day's journey is the col-lege graduate who knows nothing except the pale lessons he has memorized from books.

Behold! Paper Hats.

MOBERLY, Mo.—The Moberly hus-bands are happy. Their wives have taken up the paper hat craze, and they see visions of millinery bills being reduced to a mere pittance.

All sizes, shapes and colors are being designed, with, according to those who know women's hats, a great degree of success. The only difficulty that confronts the move-ment is the shortage of crepe paper, with which to replace the hats as they get rained on or wear out.

Some of the women say they can use newspapers and magazines if necessary. One woman said she expects to use wire screening if she can't get the paper she wants. Most of the new hats are plaited, but a few have been made of frills and puffs.

'Bath' Seems Lost Word

By Ann Lisle.

VRAJNE, Serbia.—There was a time in Vrajne when the people in-cluded whatever the Serbian word for bath may be in their everyday vocabularies and not infrequently suited the action to the word, but that was hundreds of years ago.

Today it is with difficulty that the envoys of the American Red Cross at Vrajne are teaching the people the practical meaning of the word.

And yet, of all the towns in Serbia, Vrajne is the one which should be most familiar with baths and bathing, for it is the home of the biggest and oldest Turkish bath establishment in the country.

The ancient baths were built in the sixteenth century by the Turks them-selves, who then ruled the country. They are housed in an ancient stone structure with a red tile roof.

The water, in the days when the baths were operating, flowed into huge vats above primitive under-ground furnaces from a spring whose crystal stream, now re-leased, still bubbles through the vaulted cellars of the ancient estab-lishment. The steam from the vats was led to the hot rooms above through channels cut in the solid rock walls of the building, for in the days when the Vrajne baths were constructed there was no such thing as an iron or lead pipe in all of Serbia.

Today the Vrajne baths are de-serted. Bathing is a ritual of which the city's population has known nothing for generations. The youth of the town are learning the art from the Red Cross workers feeding and caring for the children of the poor, but the elders still look on the regular ablution of the body as a troublesome superfluity, and the ancient baths of Vrajne may crum-ble into ruins ere the subterranean steam vats boil and bubble again.

The Age of the Mariner's Compass.

The mariner's compass was used in Europe in the twelfth century, and there are indications that it was used in China as early as 1000 years before. The compass is sup-posed to have been invented by Flavio Gioja, of Italy.

"I'll tell you, Anne," she mur-mured. "Everything! Virginia is driving me mad. She goes around the house like an injured saint—stately and aloof. She talks as little as possible and has the coldest expression in her eyes when she has to look at me. You'd think she was a poor, pale, helpless ghost. But there's iron and steel underneath. Yet I can't put my finger on her or pin her down to anything."

"Yes, dear; I can picture that."

WITH TIME AND PATIENCE. "What of it?" asked Phoebe in-dignantly. "When am I going to discuss my wedding with her? Does she think I'm going to wait almost three years till I'm twenty?"

"Don't say any one thing that it is her eyes, her hair or her alluring smile. But at the bottom of it all the attraction arises out of the fact that the girl is essentially feminine in herself. A man cannot be charmed by a girl who denies her femininity, and as to falling in love or anything so ridiculous, why, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of the proverbial needle."

MEN DISLIKE PUBLICITY. A man would shrink from being seen about with an obviously swag-gering girl. She attracts far too much attention, and men, as a rule, do not like publicity, especially when there is a woman concerned. The girl, poor dear, is pleased to be flattered with the attention paid her, but she ignores or does not see the fact that the interest centered in her is that of curiosity to see what she will do next.

You wouldn't take such a girl to a dance. Fancy sitting out with a girl whose hair is cut short, whose collar outdoes your own for stiff-ness and whose tie never graced the window of a milliner. Can you imagine timidly reaching for her hand and being greeted with a de-al of "Oh, cut out the heart business and give me a cigarette! I haven't had one for at least ten minutes!"

WOMAN'S CHARM. No! Of course you can't, be-cause, in the first place, you would never take the aforementioned girl to the dance, and in the second you wouldn't dream of holding her hand.

It's a pity! What a dull place this old world would be without our womenfolk just as they really are. Somehow they seem to make the skies seem bluer, the sun more brilliant, and the flowers brighter, though all are dull in comparison with woman's charm. And yet a few are disposed to forsake it all for a fad!

Some girls might look upon the mannishly pretentious girl as a sort of hero-pioneer of yet another phase of woman's emancipation. But the man has no use for it. It has no attraction for him, and rather does he deplore this travesty of woman's greatest charm—her femininity!

Long Skirts Banned As Germ Carriers.

Long skirts must not return be-cause they are a menace to the public health. Such is the warning issued by the leading medical au-thorities of England, following the announcement that Paris is about to launch once more the long trail-ing skirts of twenty years ago.

In their protest the medical re-call that in 1900 the Vienna board of health displayed posters in the public parks and gardens directing women who visited them to hold up their skirts if they trailed along the ground.

The notice also stated that public inclosures were devoted to the use of persons desiring to escape the dust of the streets, and the author-ity therefore forbade the sweeping of dust there into heaps by trail-ing skirts.

When a Girl Marries EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle.

TOWARD noon on the day after our excursion to inspect the estate Tom Mason wanted to buy, Phoebe ran in for a visit.

"I've heaps to tell you," she ex-claimed, as we settled down cozily on my living room couch like a pair of boarding school girls stealing an after-lights-out visit.

"Some such dark secret as what a darling my brother Neal is," I said gaily.

This produced an astonishing effect on Phoebe. Her face darkened to an uncomfortable crimson, and her eyes dulled over while her point-ed chin set stubbornly.

"Don't talk about Neal. I can't bear it today. He's only said so, cried explosively. 'Virginia is mak-ing life unendurable for me and Neal won't do a thing about it. It makes me—almost hate him, though I love him so.'"

"Come now, dear," I ventured, plunging in where perhaps angels might have feared to tread. "Isn't that precisely what you've come to tell us?"

"What do you mean to insinuate?" demanded Phoebe, giving her head a Harrison toss.

KEEN UNDERSTANDING. "You'd planned to start with our good times yesterday, and how at-tentively Tom was to Irma Warren, and how lovely Hidden Brook is, and how remarkable it is that some one is putting the Harrison Place in order, and how loyal Irma Warren was in her insistence on going home to dine with her uncle and—"

Phoebe's hand a quick little squeeze before I went on. "After we'd gone over all that, you were going to tell us about what is nearer and dearer to both of us."

"Indeed," said Phoebe rather top-ically, "and since you know just what I'd planned to say, why don't you say it for me?"

"Is that fair, dear?" I asked.

"Are you telling me I've been tac-kles and presumptuous? Aren't we sisters after all?"

Then Phoebe softened and was an eager child again instead of the icy Harrison grande dame she automatically becomes now and then.

"I'll tell you, Anne," she mur-mured. "Everything! Virginia is driving me mad. She goes around the house like an injured saint—stately and aloof. She talks as little as possible and has the coldest expression in her eyes when she has to look at me. You'd think she was a poor, pale, helpless ghost. But there's iron and steel underneath. Yet I can't put my finger on her or pin her down to anything."

"Yes, dear; I can picture that."

WITH TIME AND PATIENCE. "What of it?" asked Phoebe in-d